

A Pleasant New BALLAD to sing Evening and Morn, Of the Bloody MURTHER of Sir JOHN BARLEY-CORN.

To the Tune of, Shall I lye beyond thee, &c.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



And I went through the North Country,
I heard a merry meeting,
A pleasant day, and full of joy,
two Noble-men were greeting :

And as they walked forth to sport,
upon a Summer's day ;
They met another Noble-man,
with whom they had a fray.

His name was Sir John Barley-corn,
he dwelt down in a vale ;
And had a kinsman dwelt with him,
they call'd him Thomas Good-ale.

The one named Sir Richard Beer,
was ready at that time,
And likewise came a busie Peir,
call'd Sir William White-wine.

Some of them fought in a black jack,
some of them in a can ;
But per the chiefeft in a black pot,
fought like a Noble man.

Sir Barley-corn fought in a bowl,
who won the victor ;
Which made them all to chace and swear,
that Barley-corn must dye.

Some said kill him, some said him drown,
some wiste to hang him high,
For those that followed Barley-corn,
they said would beggers dye.

Then with a plow they plow'd him up,
and thus they did devise,
To bury him within the earth,
and swore he should not rise.

With harrows strong they came to him,
and burst clods on his head ;
A joyful banquet then was made,
when Barley-corn was dead.

He rested still upon the earth,
till rain from sky did fall ;
Then he grew up on branches green,
which soze amaz'd them all.

Increasing thos till Midsummer,
he made them all afraid ;
For he sprung up on high,
and had a goodly beard.

When ripening at St. James's tide,
his countenance waz'd wan,
Yet now full grown in part of strength,
and thus became a man.

Wherfore with hooks and sickles keen,
unto the field they hy'd,
They cut his legges off by the knees,
and limb from limb divide.

Then bloodily they cut him down,
from place where he did stand,
And like a thief for treachery
they bound him in a band.

So then they took him up again,
according to his kind,
And plac'd him up in several stacks,
to wither with the wind.

Then with a pitchfork sharp and long
they rent him to the heart,
And traitor-like for treason vile,
they bound him in a cart.

And trudging him with weapons strong,
unto the town they hye,
Whereras they mow'd him in a mow,
and so they let him ly.

They left him groaning by the walls,
till all his bones was soze,
And having took him up again
they cast him on the floor.

And hired two with holly-clubs
to beat at him at once ;
Who chwackt so hard on Barley-corn,
the flesh fell from his bones.

Then after took him up again,
to please some womens mind,
Yea, dusted, fann'd, and lised him,
till he was almost blind.

Full fast they knit him in a sack,
which griev'd him verp soze,
And soundly slept him in a fat,
for thre dags space and more.

From whence again they took him out,
and laid him forth to dry ;
Then cast him on the chamber-floor,
and swore that he should dye.

They rub'd and stir'd him up and down,
and oft did toyl and tare,
The Malt-man likewise haws his death
his body should be sure.

They pull'd and hal'd him up in spight,
and threw him on a kill,
Yea, dry'd him o're a fire hot,
the more si work ther will.

Then to the mill they for'd him strait,
whereas they bruis'd his bones,
The Miller smote to murder him
betwixt a pair of stones.

The last time that they took him up,
they serv'd him worse then that,
For with hot scalding liquor stote
they wash't him in a fat.

But not content with this, God wot,
they wrought him so much harm,
With cruel threat they promise next,
to beat him into a harm.

And lying in this danger deep,
for fear that he should quarrel,
They beat'd him straight out of the fat,
and turn'd into the barrel.

They goar'd and broach'd it with a tap,
so thus his death began,
And drew out everp drop of blood,
while any drop would run.

Some brought in jacks upon their backs,
some brought in bowls and pail,
Yea, everp man some weapon had,
poor Barley-corn to kill.

When Sir John Good-ale heard of this,
he came with mickle might,
And took by strength their tongues away,
their legs, and eke their light.

Sir John at last in this respeft,
so paid them all their hitc,
That some lay bleding by the walls,
some tumbling in the mire ;

Some lay groaning by the walls,
some fell fth' stier down-right,
The resleſt of them scarceſt knew
what he had done o'w night.

All you godly wives that brew god ale,
God keep you from all tein,
But if you put too much water in,
the Devil put out your eyne.

A pleasant new Ballad to look upon, How MALT Deals with every Man.

MR. Malt is a Gentleman,
And hath been since the world began,
I never in my life knew any man,
could match with Master Malt, Sir.

I never knew any match Malt but once,
The Miller with his grinding-stones,
He pull'd his flesh from off his bones,
you never saw the like, Sir.

Malt, Malt, thou art a flower,
Beloved right well in every bower,
Thou canst not be missing one half hour,
you never, &c.

For laying of the stones so close,
Malt gave the Miller a copper-nose,
Saying, Thou and I will never be foes,
but unto thee I'll stick, Sir.

Malt gave the Miller such a blow,
That from his horse he fell full low,
He taught him his Master Malt no know,
you never, &c.

Our Hostis's maid was much to blame,
To steal Malt away from her Dame,
And in her belly hide the same,
you never, &c.

That when the Malt did work in her head,
Twice in a day she would be sped,
At night she could not get to bed,
nor scarce stand on her feet, Sir.

Then came in Master Smith,
And said, That Malt he was a thief;
But Malt gave him such a dash i' th' teeth,
you never, &c.

For when his iron was hot and red,
He had such an aib all in his head,
His bon Comrades got him to bed,
for he was very sick, Sir.

The Carpenter came a piece to square,
And bid Malt come if he dare,
He'd thwack his sides and belly bare,
and him full soundly beat, Sir.

To the fire he went well warm'd with chips,
Malt hit him right betwixt the lips,
And made him lame on both his hips,
you never, &c.

The Shoemaker sitting on his seat,
At Master Malt began to fret,
He said he would the Knave to beat,
with his sharp Spanish knife, Sir.

But Malt came peeping through the hall,
And did his brains so fiercely maul,
He turned round and caught a fall,
you never, &c.

The Weaver sitting in the loom,
He threatened Malt a cruel doom,
And make him to repulse the room,
or thwack him in a dike, Sir.

Wherat a court some Weavers kept,
And to their Hostis boldly kept,
Till charg'd with double pots they slept,
you never, &c.

The Tinker took the Weavers part,
Such furious rage posset his heart,
He took the pot and drank a quart,
his wits was very ripe, Sir.

For Malt the upper hand so got,
He knew not how to pay the shot,

But part without the reckoning-pot,
and found his stomach sick, Sir.

The Taylor came to grind his sheers,
And shew's to Malt what spleen he bears,
But soon they fell together by the ears,
and soze each other i' th' neck, Sir.

And when his pressing-iron was hot,
He pressed the board instead of a coat,
And sailed home in a leather-bed-boat,
you never, &c.

The Tinker walking round the pan,
But Malt much feare'd his beer mouth'd can,
Though he had conquer'd man a man,
and laid him in the dike, Sir.

Yet was the Tinker gladly fain,
With Malt to have about or twain,
Till he again was shot i' th' brain,
you never, &c.

Then bespake the Tinker anon,
And said he'd probe himself a man,
And laid at Malt till his legs were gone,
you never, &c.

The Taylor he did curse and ban,
He bid the boy go tap the can;
I'll have about with Malt anon,
you never, &c.

Aboard they went to try the match,
And long they play'd at hope and catch,
Till Malt bestow'd him under a hatch,
you never, &c.

Then came a Chapman travelling by,
With cheapning long his throat was dry,
And at Master Malt did sye,
and furiously him struck, Sir.

Till having laid at Malt apace,
Great store of blood was in his face,
And he was found in such a case,
you never, &c.

The Mason came an oven to make,
The Bricklayer he his part did take,
They bound him to the good ale-stake,
you never, &c.

Then Malt began to tell his mind,
And ply'd them with beer, ale, and wine,
They left the brick-axe, trowel behind,
they could not lay a brick, Sir.

Then came the Labourer in his hood,
And saw his two Masters how they stood,
He took his Master Malt by the hood,
and swore he would him strike, Sir.

Malt he ran, and soz fear did weep,
The Labourer he did skip and leay,
But Malt made him into the morter to leap,
and there he fel a sleep, Sir.

The Rover came to buy a skin,
Malt hit him right above the chin;
Then P. W. John came tumbling in,
you never, &c.

And laid on heads, and arms, and joints,
Took away gloves, and a gross of points,
And swore they'd pay him in quarts & pints,
you never, &c.

Thus of my song i'll make an end,
And pray my Host to be my friend,
To give me some drinck o' money to spend,
for Malt and I am quiet, Sir.

